

MARVEL
1st Dec 90

THE REAL

№129 45p

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GHSTBUSTERS™

and

SLIMER!



ISSN 0954-9404



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Aaaarrrrggghh! Slimer has decided to twang the vocal chords in his new spooky band, *The Beastly Boys!* The chilling tunes that he has been trying to sing have been enough to wake the dead, in this week's **Winston's Diary!** Slimer has suffered for his music, and now it's *your* turn!

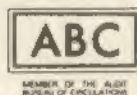
Later on in this fantastic episode in the lives and after-lives of The Real Ghostbusters, Egon and the boys confront a flowery fiend in the shape of **Doug Holes, the Ghostly Gardener**, in the terrifying tale, **Nursery Nasty!**

Apart from all your regular features there is the first exciting instalment of a new Slimer story, **Dr Slimer and Mr Fred!** All in all, another fantastic, slime-packed issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS AND SLIMER!** Don't forget to look for next week's issue though, as there is a special **free** gift on the cover.

CONTENTS

Nursery Nasty!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	9
Winston's Diary!	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: Diabolo's Door!	13
Dr Slimer and Mr Fred! – Part One	15
Spectral Spectrum Page	19
Dead True!	21
Slime Time! / Newsagents' Coupon	22
Ghost Writing	23
Next Week Box / Blimey! It's Slimer!	24

Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Assistant Editor EMMA MARSHALL
Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



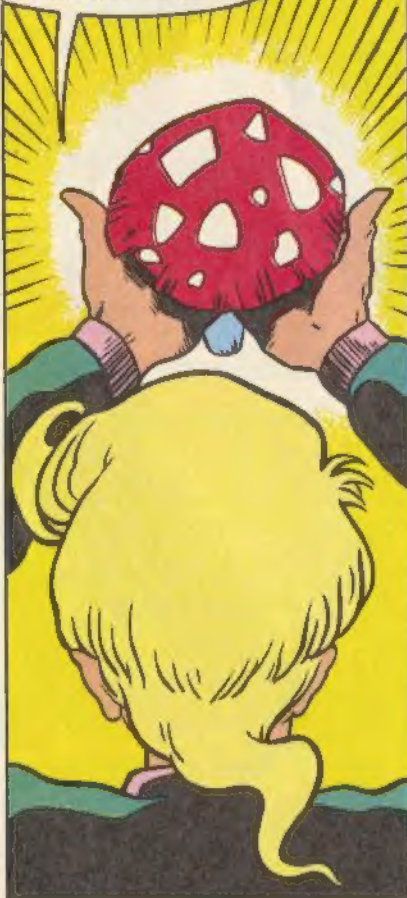
SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

AFTER A HARD DAY'S BUSTING...



IT'S A MAGNA SUPER-BUS DRAMATICUS, PETER! A RARE FUNGUS. I MUST HAVE IT FOR MY COLLECTION!



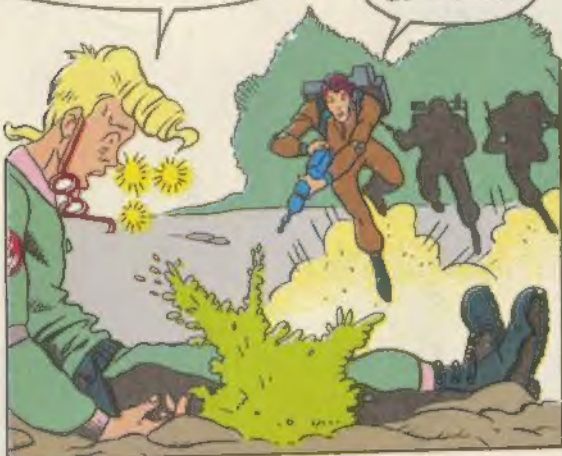
NURSERY NASTY

HA/HA! TRYING TO TAKE MY PLANTS, WERE YOU? WELL, DOUG THE GARDENER DOESN'T GIVE ANYTHING AWAY! NOW GET OUT OF MY BEAUTIFUL GARDENS!



INCREDIBLE! A CLASS EIGHT GREEN-FINGERED EARTH SPIRIT. THE FIRST RECORDED IN THE LAST 20 YEARS. WE MUST PURSUE IT!

LOOKED TO ME LIKE HE WANTED TO BE A LAWN!



SOON...

WHAT WAS THIS DUMP ANYWAY?

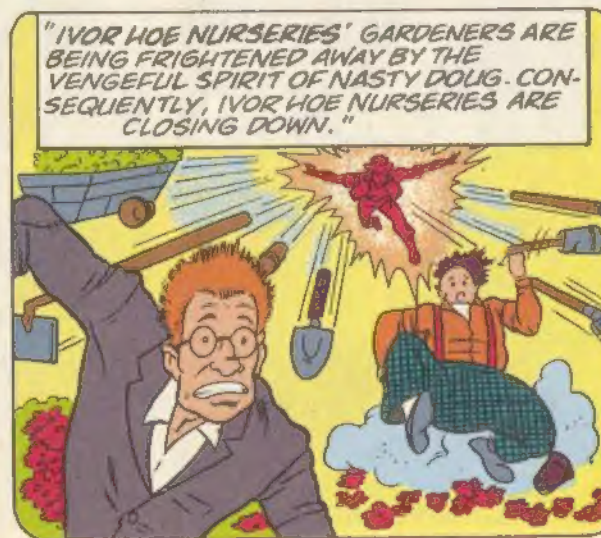
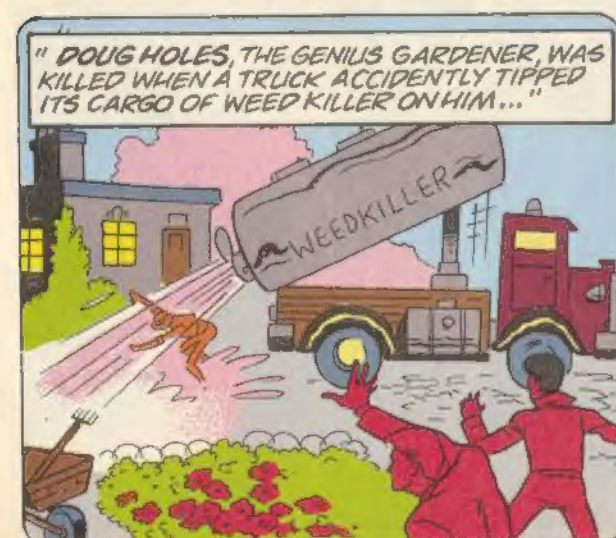
IT USED TO BE A PLANT NURSERY, WINSTON! WHERE PEOPLE BOUGHT PLANTS FOR THEIR GARDENS.



WE'D BETTER WORK OUT A PLAN. FAST!

GOOD IDEA, RAY! QUICKLY! INTO THAT OLD OFFICE.









A BRAND NEW CHILLING ADVENTURE!



**FREE
FINGER
FIEND!**

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
ISSUE THREE ON SALE NOW!
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Thanks to freak weather formations over the Midwest last month, some awful things were beamed into the living rooms of many American homes during prime time. In Minnesota alone, over three hundred TV sets picked up Supercosmos's very own music channel.

We're still collating the data, but I can tell you now that the evidence is incredible. We saw some bizarre things, some that are too horrific to mention. But in the interest of science, I must make you aware of some facts:

1) Flares are not only fashionable in the Supercosmos, but unlike our world, they were never *unfashionable*.

2) Just like our world, an ability to sing, is not a prerequisite of success in the world of pop music.

The people of the Supercosmos call their light musical entertainment 'Unpopular Music', or 'Unpop'. Their most successful televised show is *Top of the Unpops*, where the most grisly and horrendous acts go through their paces in an effort to become the most offensive and unpopular band in Pandemonium.

Among the most promising artists are: *The Pet Semetary Boys*, *Maxi Estate*, *Cliff Retched* and *NOXOS*, who all have singles in the unpop charts at the moment – catchiest of which include *Cliff's Missiles*, *Toes* and



PART 129

Whine, and *The Pet's What Have I Got On My Duffel?*

Many new bands are rising rapidly in unpopularity to challenge the groups at the top: already this year there have been massive successes for *The Fairly Jovial Tuesdays*, *The Art of Nausia*, *The Stone Rosaries*, *The Haunted House Martins*, *Debbie Gibberson*, and an abhorrent act called *Gorge Mikal*.

The XMTV programme also featured special short pieces on the current doings of some of the Supercosmos's most enduring acts: the first was a featurette on those granddaddy's of unpop, *The Howling Bones*. In this vivid mini-documentary we watched *The Bones* on tour, focussing our attention on the famous frontman Mik Jagged and the lead guitarist Keith Rictus.

Certainly the clips of them performing some of their most famous pieces – like *Brown Shoggoth*, *Lurking In The Shadows*, *Jump-start Me Up* and *666 Is The Number Of The Beast Of Burden* showed why they had stayed unpopular, not to say despised for such a long time.

For all you Guide followers out there, the most interesting piece of information was the fact that Zuul has just made her bid to storm to the heights of success as a recording artiste. With her backing group, *The Gozerians*, 'Cool' Zuul has just cut her first album, and the back of her hand, on one of Gozer's spikes. Her album – *I Should Be So Lurky* – and the mind-bending first single, *Next Time It Won't Be Marshmallow* have reached unprecedented lows in the unpop charts. It looks very much like Zuul, after an onobtrusive career as a Harbinger of Mortal Termination is set for the big time as singer of spectacular tunelessness.

The electrical storm that produced the 'ghost' interference passed on at 21.23 Eastern Standard Time and the transmission, valuable though it was, was cut abruptly short. Many believe that this was truly a blessing as the next band scheduled was *New Heads On The Block*.

It seems we've come a step closer to understanding the Supercosmos. And one step closer to pitying them.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

Thursday, 22nd November 1990

When it comes to absolutely ear-clobberingly nasty noises, I guess I must have heard just about the worst ones that this world (or the next) has to offer. I've heard the baleful bellows of the Babblers, the chattering of the Giggling Ghoul, the fearful eldritch shrieking of Nekdasgeddon's battle armour as it clanks into the fray (or out of the fray, or around about in the fray until it can find the exit). The awful thump of ninety tons of marshmallow crushing a parked car on Fifth Avenue, the dreadful caterwaul of anguish as a blood-sucking fiend from Carpathia* gets the wrong end of the stick (i.e. the pointy end), I even heard five hundred gremlins go 'blerty!' all at the same time once, and I was left all restless and goosepimply for a week. I could go on at length, but to be honest, dear diary, I can't hear myself think. Until today, you see, I thought I'd heard the last word in loud, nasty and frightfully horrendous noises. And that last word was 'Shhhhhh!' However, all of us here at HQ are currently suffering an awesomely mind-grunging noise that makes all the other deafening, shudder-worthy sounds I've ever heard sound as insignificant and untroubling as a mouse filing his nails in the vestry of a church three miles away. When I first heard the noise, Ray was about to tell me something. After a great deal of miming, writing things down and looking at the newspaper he was holding, I eventually got my mind around what he was trying to tell me, though with a background roar like the one we were experiencing, it was the audio equivalent of trying to find a golf ball on a glacier in a snowstorm. Ray was trying to draw my attention to a notice in the small ads column of the newspaper. It read:

WANTED

Vocalist to join rock foursome
with view to career in rock and roll
reply PO Box 666
No time-wasters

It had been ringed in what looked like green ink. "It's not really you," I explained to Ray in sign language over the din, but he shook his head, tried to explain, failed, tried again, failed and eventually dragged me bodily downstairs into reception.

If the noise upstairs had been bad, then the racket downstairs was beyond bad. It was hyper-bad, mega-bad, super-bad. It was the very most bad anything could ever be before it started to be good again. It was incredible. You could ask yourself, 'How much more bad could it be?' and the answer would be 'No more bad.'



Some of the worst sounds were coming from Slimer, who was shivering his way around HQ holding a microphone. The other three-quarters of the noise came from his companions. A guitarist, a drummer and a keyboard thing. They were pretty ghoulish and cadaverous and undead, but at the point I first saw them the noise they were making was the most noticeable thing, so I didn't really care what they looked like.

An inkling dawned in my mind, then grew up into a larger inkling which left home and went to college and eventually gained an MA in being a fully understood idea.

"SHUT UP!" I screamed.

The noise stopped. Suddenly everything was clear to me (except my ears, which were still ringing).

"Pardonny-wardonny?" asked Slimer.

"I said, what are you doing?" stammered.

"Practising," said Slimer authoritatively and at once the aural assault began again, driving Ray and I back up the stairs.

We found Egon in his lab, still working (although he had a tea-cosy on his head stuffed with print-out paper to deaden the noise.)

"Egon, Slimer's making the worst noise ever in history!" I exclaimed.

"Actually," Egon countered, "The worst noise in history was Kwumhastur the Black, Malign and Vast, suffering from blowback after swallowing a small volcano in Asia Minor in the third century. The sound was so loud that the humans decided not to register it. The human ear is a surprisingly selective thing. If it decides a noise is just too nasty, it filters it out. The second most dreadful noise ever was the collision of Gusskwuk and Narlyblat in the Numbly finals in 1081. I'd say Slimer's noise actually comes somewhere between the Annual Feast Of Boiled Screamhaggards and Gozer in thulking straps three sizes too tight, which is quite a way down the list..."

"That's as may be," said Ray in his most patient voice, "but what are we going to do about it?"

"There are a number of things we could do," Egon told us.

"Like?" we asked.

"We could try and drown them out."

"We'd never manage that," I replied.

"We could go down there and try to bust them."

"We might end up busting Slimer by mistake," pointed out Ray.

"Or we could do this..." said Egon.

It worked. It was simple, really. We summoned the demonic spirit of Tohl Bloxx, the spirit of musical criticism, whose fiendish powers of pretention, flowery prose and cliché are ghastly,

dreadful and unspeakably sharp and pointy. Barely had he begun to analyse the 'melodic counterpoint and unashamed quasi-religious contrapuntal allegorical fuge that sublimated the inherent mellifluous choric anthems whilst ratiocinating the intrinsic rational of whatever the song was about, than Slimer and his band packed up their gear and fled, vowing never, ever again to think about a career in Rock and Roll.

Now all we have to do is get rid of Tohl. He's just told Janine that her voice is as graceful as 'A wood nymph hopscotching choreographically through softly falling quicksand,' It's only a guess of course, but although Janine's reply won't make it onto Egon's list of the Worst Noises in History, I reckon it'll make it onto the list of the Rudest Noise in History just behind what Ponquadrakor said when he dropped his scythe on his foot.



*This sounds so much like the first line of a limerick, I thought I'd supply you with one:

A blood-sucking fiend from Carpathia
Had a brother who was even crazier
He'd get up at dusk
Don a sharp, pointy tusk
And go out to work as a glazier.

DIABOLO'S DOOR

Gargoyle statues decorating a spooky looking building had suddenly come to life when the demolition crew had moved in.

The building had come up for auction when the previous owner had passed away leaving only one condition . . . that it wasn't knocked down before the twenty-third of November. The demolition crew had not thought a day would make any difference, and judging by what was going on they had been very wrong indeed.

Ray and Winston soon discovered that the building was called DIABOLO'S DOOR, and Egon remembered from Tobin's Spirit Guide that Diabolo was a big league bad guy. He also remembered something about him returning at SCORPIO'S END,

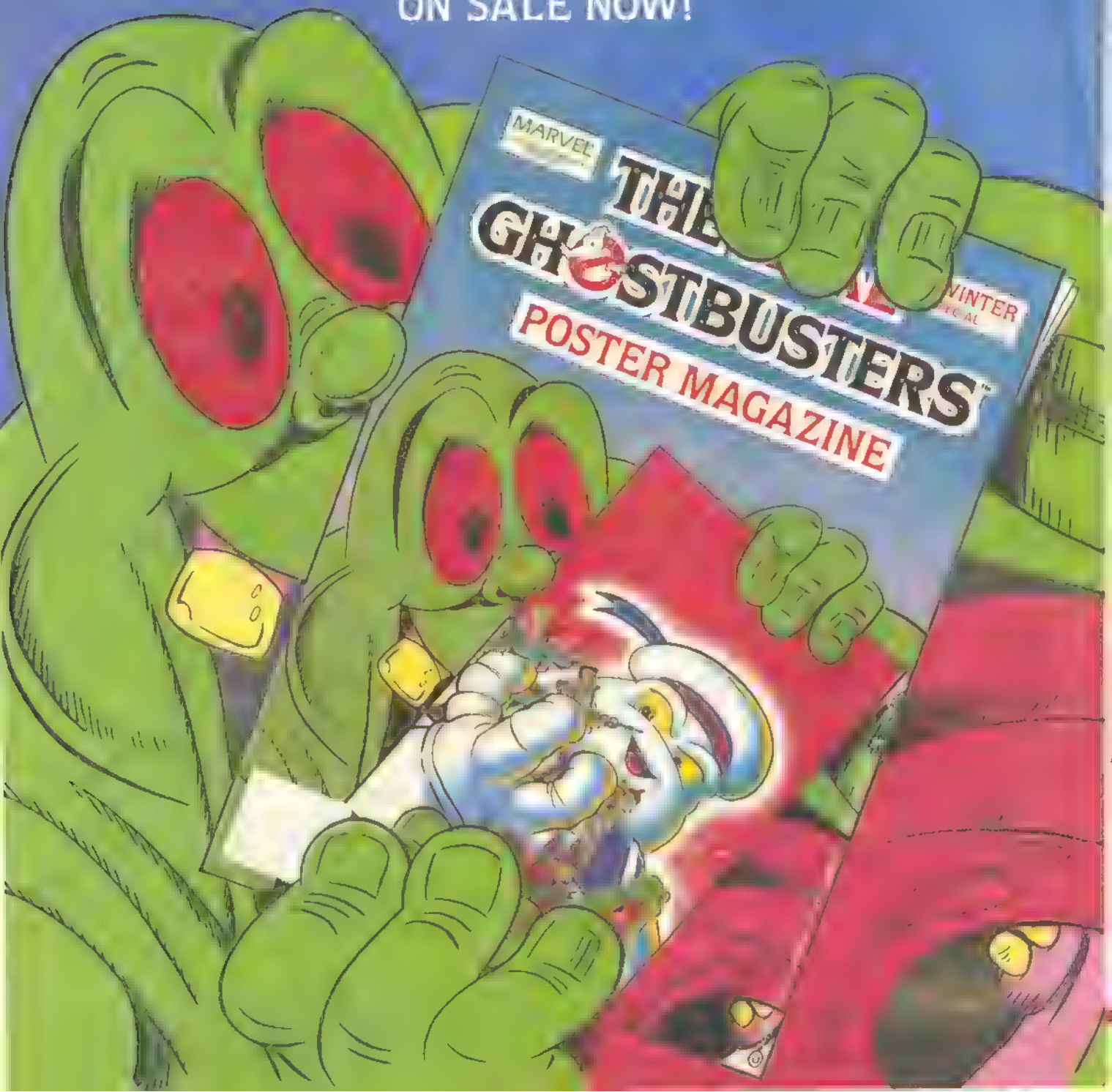
meaning the last day of the star sign of Scorpio. It was the last day of that sign, so as Diabolo began to emerge into the mortal world, The Real Ghostbusters had to demolish the building before Diabolo was powerful enough to prevent it.

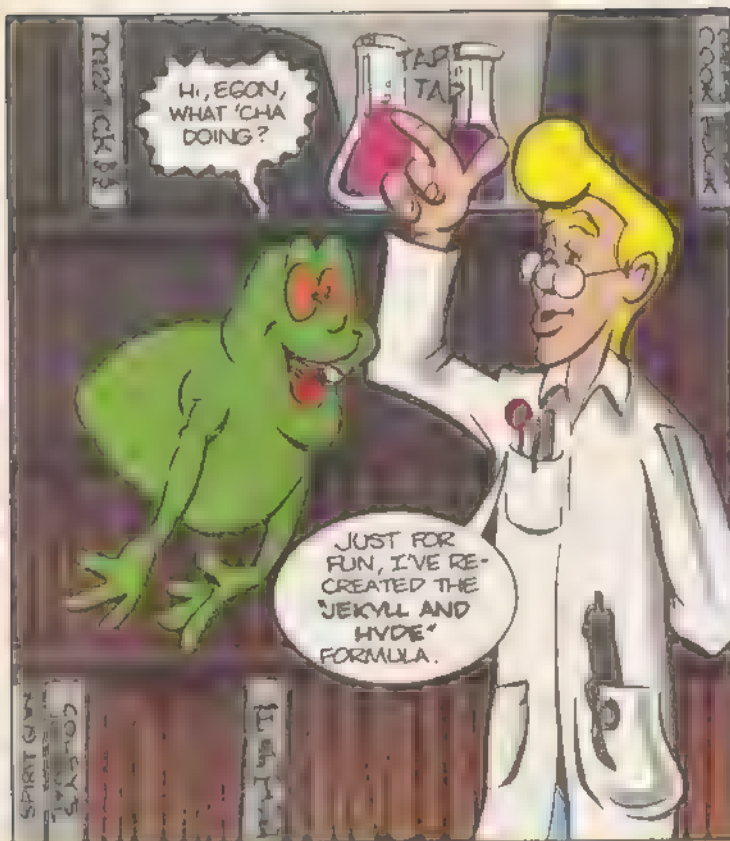


STICK 'EM UP! EVEN THE
WALLS HAVE FEARS!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS POSTER MAGAZINE

ON SALE NOW!





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PAMELA & DENNIS
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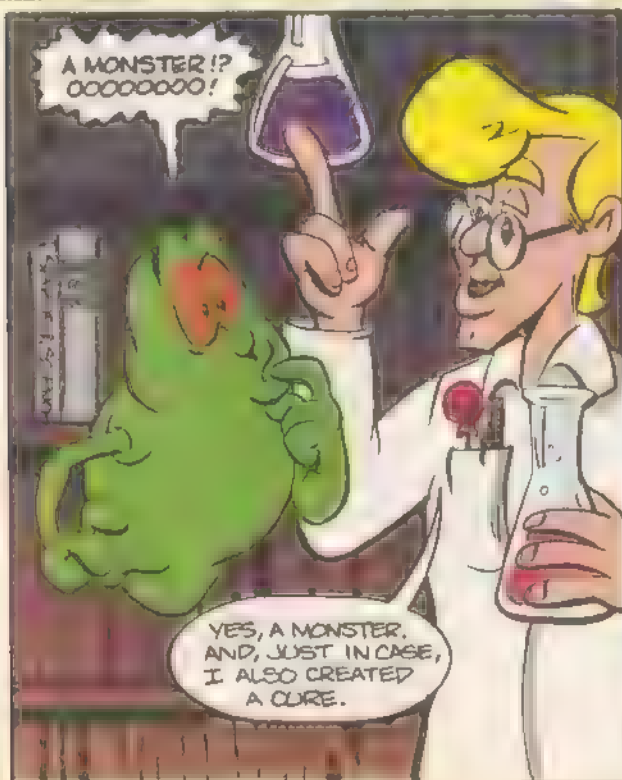
TAMMY
DANIEL
INKS

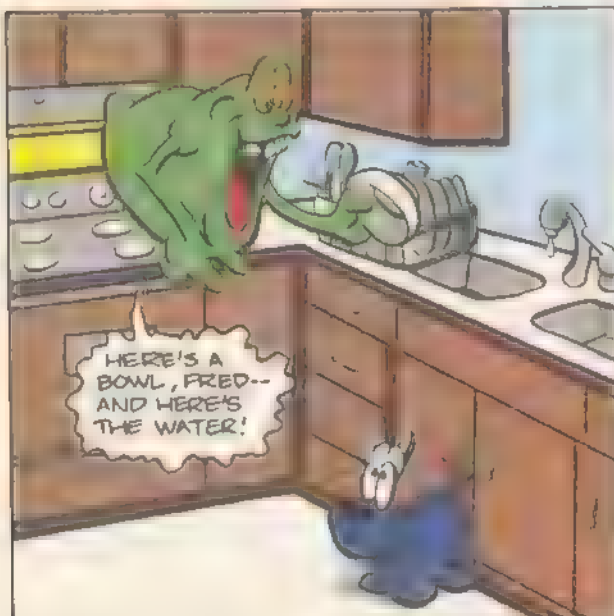
JOSEPH
ALLEN
LETTERS/COLORS

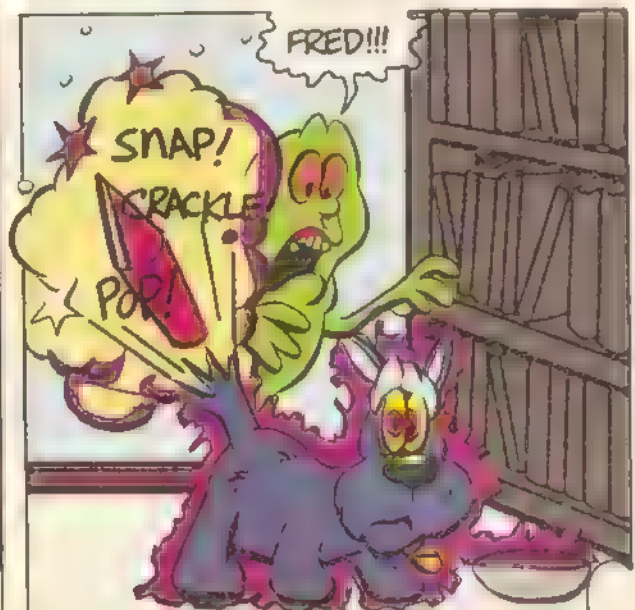
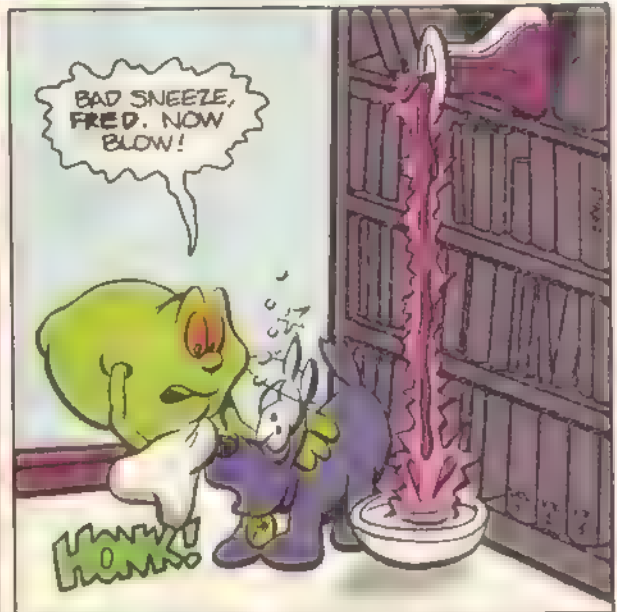
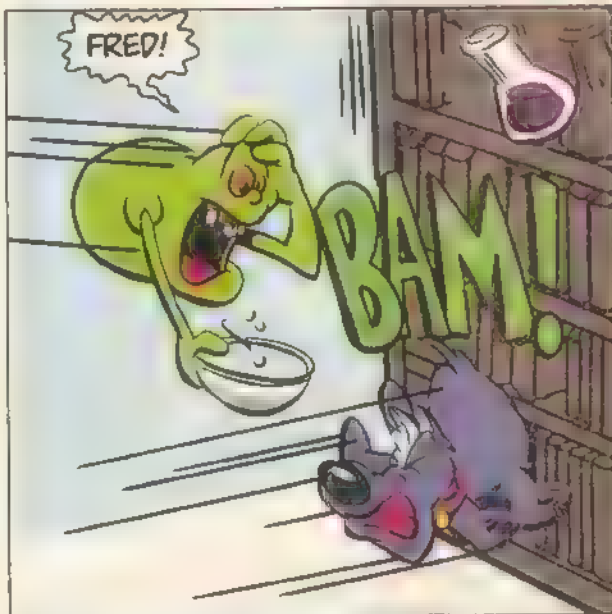
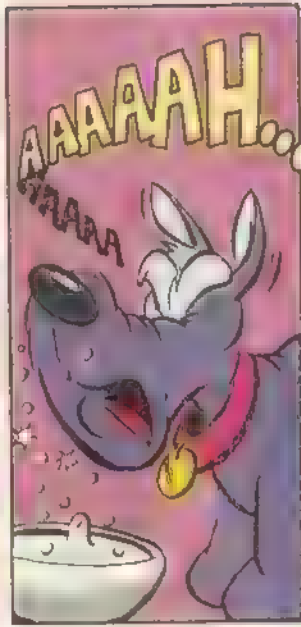
MICHELE
MACH
ART DIRECTOR

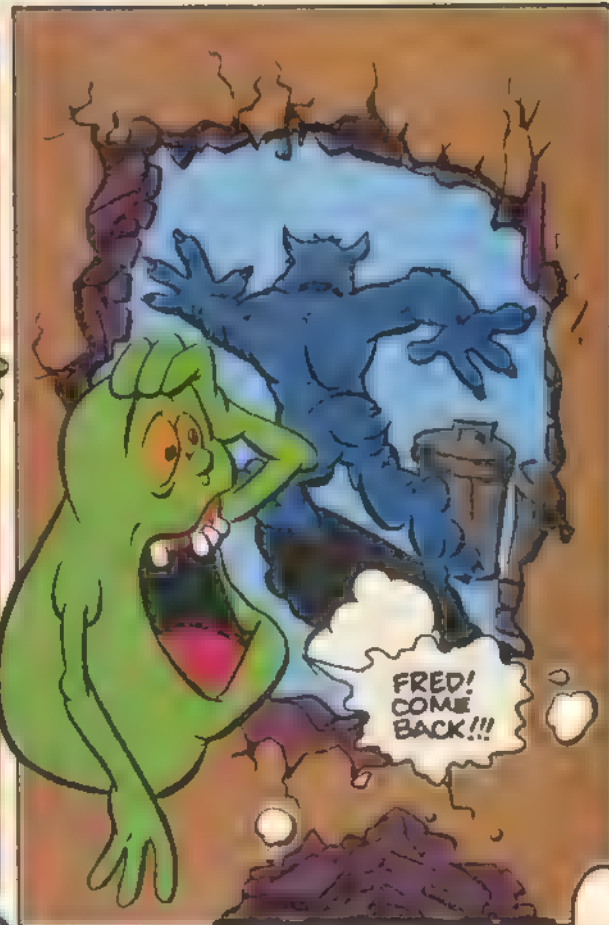
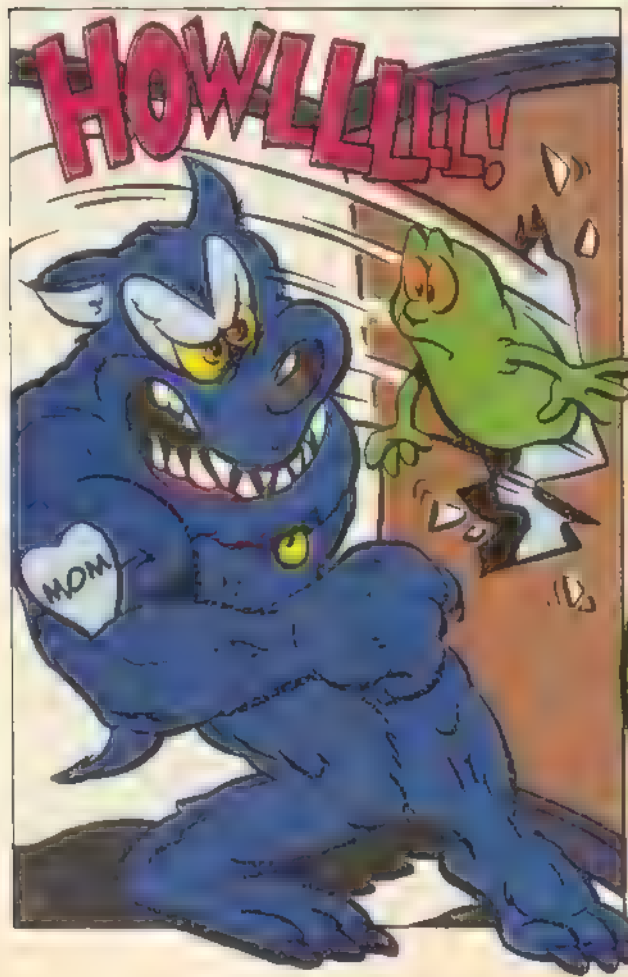
KATHERINE
LLEWELLYN
EDITOR

TONY
CAPUTO
EDITOR IN CHIEF









More Ghostbusting action next week!



SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



[illegible]

Marvel, Arundel House, 13/15 Arundel St, London WC2R 3DX, Tel: 071-497 2121

[illegible]

DEAD TRUE!



Three years after the crash that killed him, Desmond Arthur, an Irish Lieutenant, returned to haunt his airbase. Arthur, of No. 2 Squadron, made his mysterious reappearance after a row in the House of Commons that shed doubt on the cause of his death.

Pemberton Billing MP accused the government in 1916 of doing nothing while men of the Royal Flying Corps were 'murdered rather than killed by the carelessness, incompetence or ignorance of their senior officers, or of the technical side of the staff.'

Lieutenant Arthur had been gliding down from a height of 4,000 feet, about to land, when his BE2 biplane's starboard wing folded in mid-air. Ground staff watched in shock as the tiny aircraft plunged, the seatbelt

snapped and Arthur was thrown out of the cockpit to his death. There were no parachutes in 1913.

The accident's investigation committee concluded that an unauthorised repair job on the wing had been botched, then covered up. The MP used the findings of the committee in his onslaught in Parliament. The Government quickly issued its own report on the crash in order to restore public faith in their war effort. They claimed that Arthur only had himself to blame.

In the September of 1916, one month after the report, airmen based at the Montrose Airbase, Scotland, began to notice curious things. On two separate occasions an officer followed a figure in full flying kit towards the mess hall. Both times the eerie figure disappeared before reaching the door. One night a flying instructor awoke to

find a strange man sitting in a chair beside the bedroom fire, but when he challenged the intruder, he noticed that the chair was suddenly empty. Two other men also awoke in the night with the feeling that there was a third person in the room.

As stories of the hauntings spread across the airbases of Britain, two of the Government's committee members admitted that they had not even seen the original reports that they had denounced. Finally, a report was drawn up that cleared Lieutenant Arthur of any responsibility. The ghost of the dead pilot seemed to accept that as proof of his innocence in the matter and was never seen again.



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London WC2



Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Mandy.
Mandy who?
Mandy lifeboats, the ship is sinking!
— Roray Dalziel, Aberdeen

What do ghosts wash the dishes with?
Mild, green, spooky liquid?
— Paul Cheese, Walsall

What does Slimer do at a football match?
He dribbles!
— Christopher Blytin, Swindon

What do ghosts drink to get Psycho-Kinetic Energy?
Spookozade!
— Edward and Robert Holmes, North London

Why did the fish blush?
Because he saw the ocean's bottom!
— Daniel Whittaker, Weymouth

How do you stop a mole from digging in your garden?
Hide the spade!
— Nicholas Jones, Bexhill-on-Sea



Make sure that you get your copy of **THE REAL GHOST-BUSTERS** every week! With your parents permission, fill in the order coupon with your name and address and hand it to your newsagent, telling him whether you want your copy reserved for collection or delivered to your door.

To my newsagent:
Please reserve me a copy of Marvel's **THE REAL GHOST-BUSTERS** comic every week.
Reserve it for collection*/
Deliver it with our regular paper order*

*Delete as applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

GH^oST WRITING!



Hi there, Ghostbuster fans!
Another rummage through
the paranormal post-bag, so
suck in the guts and read
on . . .

Dear Peter. . .

Please could you answer my
questions for me:

1. In 'Kentucky Frightening
Chicken,' why didn't you have
the No Ghost logo on your
shoulder?
 2. How come Ray and Egon had
different hair styles and
colours to what they had in the
movies?
 3. Why can't Mr Stay-Puft go
through walls like Slimer can?
- Patrick Bryan, London.**
PS Tell Egon he should have a
hair cut!

*1. Well now, Patrick. Last time
I looked I had a No Ghost patch
on my right arm, and I'm pretty
sure that I had one when we
dealt with that old farmyard
fiend. 2. Everybody knows this.
Where have you been for the
past year. Egon ate a lumi-*

*fungi by mistake, and that's
not a particularly clever thing
to do. 3. Have you ever seen
marsh-mallow travel through a
wall? That's a really daft
question! I don't know. After
all that, I don't think you're in
any position to tell Egon to
have his hair cut.*

I like to get all THE REAL
GHOSTBUSTERS comics, but
what I like the best in them is
GHOST WRITING:

1. What is the worst thing you
have done, apart from busting
ghosts?
2. Why do you always get the
crazy things to do?
3. Who do you like best out of
Ray, Winston, Egon or Jannie?
4. How crazy can Slimer get?

**-James McDermott,
Middlesbrough**

*I'm glad you've got such good
taste. 1. Well, if I was to tell you
that, I'd get into an awful lot of
trouble. Now you wouldn't
want that, would you. 2.
Because I'm such a crazy kind
of guy. Weird, wacky, but also
absolutely adorable. 3. Bit of a
difficult choice I must say. I've
got a soft spot for each of
them, but if push came to
shove I'd say I got on with Ray
or Winston the best. But that's
not to say I don't like the
others. Oh no no, on the
contrary, I love them all in my
own spooky way. 4. Well, to be
quite honest, I think Slimer is
probably about as crazy as he
could possibly be. That's if
you're asking how mad he
could be. If you're saying how
cross could Slimer get, well, I
think he's a bit of a soft touch
really. Or should I say a*

*squidgy, slimy touch. Yeuch!
It's all too ghastly to talk about.*

I think you are really cool and
would like to answer these
questions:

1. Why don't Egon, Ray and
Winston let you bust Slimer,
because he is a ghost and
should be busted?
 2. Ask Ray and Egon who Vigo
was?
 3. What is a mountain of skulls
in a castle of pain, where Vigo
sat on a throne of blood?
 4. What is the Stay-Puft
Marshmallow Man? Is he a part
of Gozo, or a part of Goza?
 5. Will there be an ECTO-3 and
an ECTO-4?
- Stewart McClean, Horndean.**

*A person who knows real cool
when he sees it! 1. I just don't
know why they don't let me
bust the little spud. But these
things have got to be done,
and I know I'm just the person
to do it! 2. Hey! I can tell yo
who Vigo is without having to
ask those two. He was a
sixteenth century ruler of
Carpathia, a who dabbled in
the black arts and vowed to
return to this world to begin a
season of evil. Never studied,
huh? 3. Sounds like a pretty
nasty place to sit, wouldn't you
say? Well, if you think about it,
it sounds very much like his
castle was built on a huge
mound of skulls, and that lots of
nasty things happened there.
4. Who's Gozo? Who's Goza,
for that matter? Mr Stay-Puft,
the Marshmallow Man, was a
form that Gozer took in order
to destroy The Real
Ghostbusters. 5. There already
is!*

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

Mr. Rose

